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It's cool
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If fond of camping out, hunting, fishing, climbing, want to make every minute count, and be comfortable while doing one or all of these things, you'd better go to Colorado.

Let me send you "A Colorado Summer" and "Old-New Santa Fe". They're free.

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Just say "WHERE" and we will gladly quote rates and send descriptive literature.

Colorado, California, or Mountain and Lake Resorts.

H. A. COOPER, D. P. A.,
Joplin, Mo.

Pale Faces

Pale-faced, weak, and shaky women—who suffer every day with womanly weakness—need the help of a gentle tonic, with a building action on the womanly system. If you are weak—you need Cardui, the woman's tonic, because Cardui will act directly on the cause of your trouble. Cardui has a record of more than 50 years of success. It must be good.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Effie Graham, of Willard, Ky., says: "I was so weak I could hardly go. I suffered nearly every month, for 3 years. When I began to take Cardui, my back hurt awfully. I only weighed 99 pounds. Not long after, I weighed 115. Now, I do all my work, and am in good health." Begin taking Cardui, today.

Dr. M. I. Nichols,
Dental Surgeon.
Upstairs in Opperman Building. Latest appliances used in the practice of dental surgery.

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Physician and Surgeon
Office over Dent's Store. Office phone 269; Residence phone 138

ALABASTER BALM.
Described for beautifying the face, neck, shoulders and arms. Prevents roughness and chapping. All druggists or by mail postpaid on receipt of price \$1.00.

BIGGS MFG. CO., 220 Ogden Ave., Chicago

He Came Back

Willaber heard the door of his private office open and was conscious that some one had crossed the room and stood at his elbow, but he finished what he was writing without looking up. Then when he had carefully blotting the line he swung about in his chair. A thickset man with a pale face and close-cropped hair stood before him nervously twisting his hat. "Dick!" cried Willaber. He sprang from his chair, grasped the visitor's hand and shook it warmly. "So you remember me, do you, Fred?"

"Remember you? As if I could forget you! Why, man, there has not been a day for the last two years that I have not thought of you!"

"Yes, it has been two years. Two long—"

"Say, do you remember Knowlson's white cherry tree? And Lents' peach orchard? I certainly am glad to see you again! Sit down. You must go to lunch with me! I want to talk over old times! Say, was there a worse pair of boys in the whole village than we were?"

"The neighbors didn't think so, Fred. But I don't want to talk over these times."

"How does it happen—"

"The governor made me a present of a pardon. I was turned loose New Year's morning."

"Well, isn't that fine! It was a shame you were ever imprisoned. I knew you were not guilty. You couldn't be."

"Yes, I was guilty, Fred."

"You—what!"

"Yes," said the other, a note of hopelessness in his voice. "I only got what was coming to me."

"Why, Dick!"

"Well?"

"I—I am sorry. But never mind, you are free now. You will never do such a thing again."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it! Have you seen your wife?"

"It was the first place I went, of course."

"Have you told her?"

"That I was guilty? Yes."

"How old is the little girl now?"

"Claribel is three now."

"That's great! And you're going to start all over again and the three of you will be just as happy as toads in a barrel."

"That is what I came to see you about, Fred."

"I'm mighty glad you thought of me the first thing. Tell me what I can do."

"I answered an advertisement for a place in a grocery house this morning, and the job has been promised me provided I can get a letter of reference. I asked if a letter from you would do, and the manager told me it would be as good as gold. The place will be held open until noon."

"Did you tell him—"

"That I had been a convict? You don't understand. That would queer me in a minute. I have got to have a chance to prove that I am on the square before I let that be known."

"I see."

"You will recommend me, Fred?"

"What can I say?"

"Don't you believe me to be honest?"

"I certainly do."

"Then, you'll do it! By George, you always were the squarest—"

"It wouldn't be right."

"Oh, well, I suppose you know best. I was a fool to hope that you would help me. You are like all the rest. A man whose foot has slipped ought to reform and lead an upright life and all that sort of thing, but you won't help him do it. But I'll show you!"

"Show me what, Dick?"

"Show you that I will make good in spite of you and your kind."

"Wait a minute, old friend—"

"Wait? To hear a sermon and get a package of advice? No, I'll go home and tell Nellie that the old friendship from which I had hoped for so much never really existed. I must make my own chance."

"I don't want to preach to you, old boy. Here, let me read you what I was writing when you came in: 'Wanted—Assistant to superintendent in large factory; must furnish references; apply at office of Wilfred A. Willaber.' Do you see, Dick? I couldn't ask others to do what I wouldn't do myself. That ad was going into tomorrow's paper, but I believe I'll tear it up now."

"Fred, you don't mean—"

"Can you go to work tomorrow, Dick?"

"Fred, I—I—"

"That's all right. I think I am mighty lucky to get a man I know and can trust. Come, put on your hat and go to lunch. Do you know, only yesterday I was thinking of you, and the time you got hung up by the trousers in Knowlson's cherry tree!"

Young Mrs. Wilton hurried guiltily through the dusk. This was the third time within a week that she had attended a reception and remained so long that her conscience, if not her husband, reproached her.

"I'll stay at home tomorrow and get up a regular dinner, frills and all," she promised herself, penitently.

The dining room clock chimed half-past five as she opened her door. There was no time to change her dress, so, slipping a big apron over her finery, she flew into the kitchen. There she put on the kettle, turned the heat on full blast under the oven and in ten minutes more was slopping biscuits into buttered pans.

She flew in and out of the kitchen and the dining room with the beautiful quickness and sureness that sometimes comes as a result of a happy, restful, worry free day. She felt somehow that dinner would be good, even though it was hurriedly prepared.

It was. The steak was broiled to perfection, the biscuits were so flaky that even Mrs. Wilton was astounded. The coffee had percolated itself into some sort of nectar.

"Say, young lady," Wilton remarked as he buttered his fifth biscuit, "this is a dinner that must have been inspired. Why—?" helping himself to more steak and mushrooms, "it's a regular poem!"

"Oh, this isn't what I call a regular dinner," declared Mrs. Wilton, dimpling. "I got in rather late from Mrs. Bentley's this afternoon and so I didn't fuss. But tomorrow we are going to have a dinner that will take your breath away. I have the outline of it already in my mind, and you may bring that Mr. Ridgely home with you if you want to."

"Well, if you can beat this dinner you're a wonder. Of course, I'll bring Ridgely. I've been advising him to get married when he's kicked about boarding house meals, and a meal like this one will certainly clinch my arguments."

Directly after Wilton's departure the next morning Mrs. Wilton sat down and put the outline of the dinner on paper. Everything worked out so smoothly and looked so well when written down that she felt as if the dinner was already half prepared.

Her mind was easy when she picked up one of the new magazines. The stories were interesting. When finally she turned from them she discovered that it was too late to get several of the dinner essentials in time for them to be prepared properly.

With a good deal of reluctance she rearranged the dinner. As she was on her way to the telephone to order the new dinner materials the door opened and Mary Powers ran in, dashing in her bridal finery and fresh from a European honeymoon.

The sunny afternoon melted away and when Mary Powers had vanished young Mrs. Wilton stood in the middle of the floor and an awful foreboding flooded her soul. She had forgotten for the second time to order the makings of that dinner!

One wild look at the clock told her that the last delivery boy had gone on his last round. There wasn't even time for her to dress and run out after the necessary things.

A sick fear came upon her and she whispered hoarsely: "There's not a thing in the house!"

Her feet were dead weights, her head was incapable of thought and her hands moved incessantly in maddening purposelessness.

Away up on the emergency shelf, where in a spirit of joking security her husband had put them, was the proverbial can of salmon and the pound of prunes. In the icebox were four sad little chops. And she baked biscuits, and little biscuits, and a cake, a pitiful-looking cake. It was then past dinner time.

She arranged this harrowing feast, turned the lights low and waited.

When an hour that seemed eternity had slipped away and her head was throbbing like a dynamo the door opened gently and a conscience-stricken Wilton appeared—alone.

"Where's Mr. Ridgely?" asked Mrs. Wilton in a far-away voice.

"Why, you see, Bess, I—well, I'm frightfully sorry that I forgot about your magnificent spread tonight, but I had an out-of-town caller—Cheney, you know, my best customer—and I forgot about time. We missed my regular train, and Cheney couldn't stay over, so I didn't try to get home. We had supper in a restaurant. I'm awfully sorry, girl, but—"

Mrs. Wilton began to clear the table with cheerful rapidity.

"Never mind," she said, "I worked pretty hard over this dinner, but it can't exactly be called an inspired repast."

G. A. R. WILL MEET
IN LOS ANGELES
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They couldn't have chosen a place that holds out so much pleasure for them and you—the hub of America's play ground—where mountain and sea meet and afford you the pleasure of both.

Reduced Round Trip Fares in Effect Aug. 29 to Sept. 5

Give you the opportunity to visit Southern California at much less than the usual cost. Don't let this opportunity slip by.

FRISCO LINES

The Frisco Agent can give you full facts about the reunion and the reduced fares. See him today.

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City Dray Line
ED. COVEY, Proprietor
Freight, Household Goods and articles of all kinds hauled at reasonable rates

BAXTER LIVERY BARN.
Oldest in the city. Established 30 years ago. Good service and reasonable rates.

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DR. A. J. THOMPSON,
DENTIST.
Daniels block, Baxter Springs, Kas.

Dinner Adventures

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Man and the Rat.

Man and the rat go everywhere and eat everything. They are the two creatures that dwell in houses and travel in ships. Each drives its other rivals to the wall, but neither, except locally and for brief periods, has ever come near to exterminating the other. The use of cement is greatly facilitating the fight going on against the rats.

Discrepancy Somewhere.

Aviators are popularly supposed to be men of iron nerve and perfect physical condition. Yet the great Verdinas was rejected for military service on account of physical shortcomings and a special arrangement had to be made by which his services as an aviator might be utilized during the French campaign.

It Made A Difference

"Here!" burst out the young man suspiciously after his sister had knocked at his door the sixth time to ask if there wasn't something she could do to help him get ready for the party to which he was going. "What's the matter, anyhow, Em? Do you think I'm so decrepit that I'm not able any longer to attire myself or is it that you love me so you can't keep away from me?"

"I think you're horrid and rude," said the young man's sister, opening the door and entering. "Of course I'm fond of you, Jimmy. Fonder than you realize. I always have your best interests at heart—"

"Is it a touch?" he asked surprised.

"So soon after the holidays, too?"

"Jimmy," said his sister, seating herself and shaking her head at him sorrowfully, "you haven't a bit of sentiment or any of the finer emotions, have you? I don't want a thing! I just wanted to talk to you. Why don't you get married?"

The young man laid down the clothes brush he was using and, leaning toward her, stared. "Don't you feel well?" he asked with solicitude in his voice.

"Do you think you are funny?" she asked, indignantly.

"Mostly," said the young man, going on with his brushing, "a fellow's mother and sister throw spasms if he suggests matrimony for himself and the whole family has hysterics, so I don't understand you."

"I'd just love to see you married, Jimmy," his sister declared, eagerly. "Honestly! Nothing would please me more than to have you pick out the right sort of girl and settle down in your own comfortable little home. Think how nice it would be for me to have a sister and what fun she and I could have together and how glad I would be for you—"

"Would you really feel that way, sis?" the young man asked, with interest. "I hadn't any idea—I thought you'd cut up a terrible row if I did such a thing!"

"That's all you know about me, Jimmy," his sister insisted, sweetly. "You don't appreciate the depth of my affection in the least! Why, I would be a selfish, horrid creature if I didn't want you to be happy! I can't imagine why you should have got such an idea in your head! And you're such an all around fine boy, too, that you deserve a mighty fine girl, let me tell you!"

"I am astonished," declared the young man, seriously. "All these revelations are overwhelming. Particularly after the years of sisterly lectures on which I have been brought up! I thank you!"

"Oh, be mean if you want to," said his sister. "Only I hope you'll be on your best behavior the next two weeks because I have a guest coming. Of course, I don't expect you to give up your engagements to help me out, but if you could find time to be a little nice to Harriet I'd be obliged. You've heard me talk of her—tall and a raving beauty and the family has heaps of money and she refused a millionaire the year she—"

"I see it all," said the young woman's brother. "You want me to fall in love with Harriet and marry her!"

"Now, Jimmy!" protested his sister. "How absurd of you! As though I didn't think you could manage your own affairs without my help! You'll be perfectly crazy about her complexion and she is the sweetest—but I wouldn't have you think, not for the worlds, that I had any notion like that in mind. I was just speaking in the abstract. Just in a general way. You are such a suspicious person!"

"I see," said her brother, searching out his dress muffler. "It is merely that you feel it is time for me to marry and settle down and you have no ulterior motives—you'd be perfectly happy if you could be sure that I was happy—is that it?"

"Of course," said his sister. "I'm surprised that you could think anything else. Harriet certainly has a way with her. And they have I don't know how many automobiles and a place on Long Island and she'd be the loveliest sort of a girl to have in the fam—"

"You don't know how relieved I am," interrupted the young man, reaching up for his silk hat box, "to find you have such warm hearted sympathy and so much interest in my future. It makes it easier to tell you that I've just got engaged to Marion Brooks—the one we went to school with!"

"James Henry Ward!" gasped his sister, as she fumbled for her handkerchief. "That girl! That insignificant, poor as poverty, ordinary girl, when—and I don't see why you want to get married, anyhow—aren't you perfectly comfortable here at home? Men are such idiots!"

Big Bargains.

For 30 days from May 15th I will offer for sale my two store rooms on Military street now occupied by Hood Implement Co. for \$4,000 cash, or \$4,200 half cash balance in two annual payments at 6 per cent Int.

A nice 3-room house, 2 closets, well built, 2 corner lots, cistern, fruit, shade, \$450.00, half cash, balance two payments with Int.

17 exceptionally rich lots, with water, in blue grass and clover, \$200.00, half cash, balance 2 payments.

Perfect title to all this property.

J. J. Fribley.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

Gold Bond Flour.

Take this advertisement to your Grocer and get a five cent reduction on a twenty-four pound bag of gold bond flour. Not more than two given to one family. Baxter Mill & Elevator.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by all dealers.

To Trade—A good six-room house, barn, chicken house, crib, well, lots of fruit, one-quarter of a block of ground, for a piece of farm land. What have you to trade? Call at this office.

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

Services at St. Mark's Episcopal church on next Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Alex. Hawke of Galena, Kansas. All are invited.

Why don't you take this paper?

Dr. N. A. Bailey, Osteopathic Physician. Phone 25.

Nervous? Thin? Pale?

Are you easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood must be thin, your nerves must be weak. You need a strong tonic. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor will endorse these statements. Ask and find out.

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will dispense you of that notion in short order. "Correct it at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

RE-CLEANED CANE SEED.

For re-cleaned cane seed go to D. S. Chubb or Baxter Mill and Elevator.

J. W. COOK
Groceries, Flour, Feed.
Home Phone 88. Mutual 1.